# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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From the London Metropolitan Magazine for August

## The Vale of the Departed.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"It is a popular belief among the Mussulmans that when we quietly resign ourselves to the will of God on earth to us, and when repeat the syllables uttered by the dying bridal on earth."

Echo, sweet echo, many a songe spell
In thy traditions to the cave repeated,
Yet mostly on the theme I love to dwell.
Then hide me in the valley of the departed.

Fled are the days of my companions of the past
No more their looks rejoice, their accents cheer me.
Oft have I sighed to tell them of my truth.
And answered back that I would sing them near me.

May I not welcome then the soothing thought,
That when oppressed by trouble and dejection,
My heart may overleap those long vast weight,
My eyes may greet their mansions of affection?

Yes, long time have sorrow and he rolling tempest
How short I love, O earth, thy dark recesses,
Inclose to them my griefs my strength,
And breathe my prayers for our celestial union.

I may not hope their company to obtain,
For such as we want a home, too high a distance,
Yet I were blest to greet their gentle forms
Regaining nobility to my imperfections.

O no—the bright delusion I repel.
Hail by the shadow of existence flashing
The rarity of pleasure, and the hope that fell.
That fade to fate the Creator's pure reasoning.

Now should our loved ones share their promised rest.
If transferred from our fellowship to theirs,
How should they hold sweet converse with the blest,
While to our pleads of duty care rejoicing?

They hear our wishes, they our wants supply,
Yet may we but to them our woes repeating
But answer deep, the answer of the sky,
Most kind propose us for the happy greeting

From the London Metropolitan Magazine for August

## Wooden-Legged Sergeant.

BY MRS. LEIGH CLIFFE.

There was something like elation on the eye of General Surveillance, something like an assumption of dignity, and a more than usual buoyancy of spirits, in his step, as he one morning passed a party of friends, who were ruminating at his elegant house in Normandy, to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, and renovate their health at the early Parisian season. The general was a fine old man, had served under republicans and royalists, was learned, gentlemanly, and proud. And he was a man who have obtained the full extent of their wishes, he had rendered himself a neglected and ill-used personage, unworthy of the most favorable regard ever by the aristocrats who never any honors were to be rendered. His military rank he had retired noble, and never a star lent a gleam of brilliancy to his coat. But he opened shelter, and sighed to rank as one of the magnates of the land, perhaps from the fields variety of wedding to connect his family, or connect with many of the bravest and most distinguished of his contemporaries, had none, by their own merits, honor and distinction. He had invited a select dinner, with one son, Phillippe, the issue of a marriage with an Austrian lady, who united herself to the general's fortunes, when the latter had first received a mortal stop in military rank. To his grandson this young man, who held a captain's commission in the cuirassiers, was the world of his hopes centered, and he was ambitious to become the founder of a family; and the name of the young nobleman of the old general at the moment of his introduction to the reader, was the pet-name document on his pocket, which obtained him to take style and dignity of a count of the empire.

The announcement of the fulfillment of the desires of the general was received with real pleasure by his guests and his family, and the first congratulations were sincere. He was happy in possessing friends, but he desired them, and persons of all classes around, and he was not called upon to prove the firmness of his country to victory of death, he had resided entirely at his chateau, and, decided to rural quiets, he had almost daily chased the deer from the thicket, or brought down a bird of the feathery tribe with his gun; and, perhaps, fountain of remembrance his mostly acquired name, former to his neighbors, he gained to excel him in farming in canvassing with his guests, and to out-rank his rivaling with a rustic fete to which all the loyal neighborhood was invited. Every rural sport should be invited, and the general met each with universal approbation, the dinner were noted. Every evening presented a new scene of festivity, and the hours he loved rarely brought the cessation of the night-ring feast.

Throughout the chateau there was a general joy, except in one and no one could be more constitutionally delighted than a fair young maiden of sixteen, who had been adopted by the late wife of the general, and was considered his child, she had extended his protection. Sanette, although a young, had to fact the direction of the domestic arrangements; but, from her retiring nature and her dependence, she was seldom visible to the numerous guests who were accustomed, at certain seasons, to visit the chateau. Her duties were

her fortune, saying that it was told already and had been for some years, but called the child toward her, and, taking her flowers, put money in their trembling hand, and bade her go home and keep at home for God's sake.

Many a time they went up and down those long long lanes, seeing everything but the house and the man; when the ball rang to clear the course, going back to rest among the carts and donkeys, and not coming out until the show was over. Many a time, too, was Punch displayed in the full zenith of his humor, but all this while the eye of Thomas Codlin was upon him, and to serve it without notice was impracticable.

At length, late in the day, Mr. Codlin pitched the show in a convenient spot, and the spectators were soon in the very plenitude of the scene. The chief, sitting down with the old man close behind it, had been thinking how strange it was that horses, who were such fine honest creatures, should seem to make vagabonds of all the men they drew about them, when a loud laugh, at some extemporaneous witticism of Mr. Short's, having alighted on to the circumstances of the day, roused her from her meditation and caused her to look around.

If they were ever to get away unseen, that was the very moment. Short was plying the quarterstaves vigorously and knocking the characters in the fury of the combat, against the sides of the show, the people were looking on with laughing faces, and Mr. Codlin had relaxed into a grim smile as his roving eye deserted hands going into waistcoat pockets and groping secretly for sixpences. If they were ever to get away unseen, that was the very moment. They seized it, and fled.

They made a path through bootlike and carriages, and throngs of people, and never once stopped to look behind. The bell was ringing and the scene was cleared by the time they reached the rope, but they dashed across it, insensible to the shouts and screaming that assailed them for breaking in upon its sanctity, and, creeping under the brow of the hill at a quick pace, made for the open fields.

### CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

Day after day as he beat his steps homeward, returning from some new effort to procure employment, Kit raised his eyes to the window of the little room he had so much commended to the child, and hoped to see some indication of her presence. His own earnest wish, coupled with the assurance he had received from Quilp, filled him with the belief that she would yet arrive to be in the humble shelter he had offered, and from the death of each day's hope, another hope sprung up to live to-morrow.

"I think they must certainly come to-morrow, sir, mother" — said Kit, laying aside his hat with a weary air and sighing as he spoke. "They have been gone a week. They surely couldn't stop away more than a week, could they now?"

The mother shook her head, and reminded him how often he had been disappointed already.

"For the matter of that," said Kit, "you speak true and sensible enough, as you always do, mother. Still, I do consider that a week is quite long enough for 'em to be rambling about; don't you say so?"

"Quite long enough, Kit, longer than enough, but they may not come back for all that."

Kit was for a moment disposed to be vexed by this contradiction, and not the less so from having anticipated it in his own mind and knowing how just it was. But this impulse was only momentary, and the vexed look became a kind one before it had crossed the room.

"Then what do you think, mother, has become of 'em? You don't think they've gone to sea, anyhow —"

"Not one for sailors, certainly," returned the mother, with a smile. — "But I can't help thinking that they have gone to some foreign country."

"I say," cried Kit, with a rueful face, don't talk like that, mother."

"I am afraid they have, and that's the truth," she said. "It's the talk of all the neighbors, and there she were, even that knew of their having been seen on board ship, and can tell you the name of the place they're gone to, which is more than I can, my dear, for it's a very hard one."

"I don't believe it," said Kit. "Not a word of it. A set of idle chatterboxes, how should they know?"

"They may be wrong, of course," returned the mother. "I can't tell about that, though I don't think it's at all unlikely that they're in the right, for the talk is that the old gentleman had put by a little money that nobody knew of, not even that ugly little man you talk to me about — what's his name — Quilp; and that he and Miss Nell have gone to live abroad where it can't be taken from them, and they will never be disturbed. That don't seem very far out of the way, now, do it?"

Kit scratched his head mournfully, and in reluctant admission that it did not, and clambering up to the old mail tank down the cage and set himself to clean it and to feed the bird. His thoughts inverting from this occupation to the little old gentleman who had given him the shilling, he suddenly recollected that that was the very day, nearly the very hour — at which the little old gentleman had said he should be at the notary's house again. He no sooner remembered being this, than he hung up the cage with great precipitation, and hastily explaining the nature of his errand, went off at full speed to the appointed place.

It was some minutes after the time when he reached the spot, which was a considerable distance from his home, but by great good luck the little old gentleman had not yet arrived; at least there was no pony-chaise to be seen, and it was not likely that he had come and gone again in so short a space. Greatly relieved to find that he was not too late, Kit leant against a lamp-post to take breath, and wasted the advent of the pony and his charge.

Sure enough, before long the pony came trotting round the corner of the street, looking as obstinate as pony might, and jerking his steps as if he were saying (since the cleanest places, and would by no means dirty his feet or heavy himself unnecessarily. Behind the pony sat the little old gentleman, and by the old gentleman's side sat the little old lady, carrying just such a nosegay as she had brought before.

The old gentleman, the old lady, the pony, and the chaise, came up the street in perfect unanimity, until they arrived within some half a dozen doors of the notary's house, when the pony, declined by a brass-plate beneath a tailor's sneaker, came to a halt, and maintained, by a sturdy silence, that that was the house they wanted.

"Now, sir, will you have the goodness to go on? This is not the place," said the old gentleman.

The pony looked with supreme contempt onto a fire-plug which was near him, and appeared to be quite absorbed in contemplating it.

"Oh dear, such a naughty Weasker!" cried the old lady. "Adam being so good too, and coming along so well! I am quite ashamed of him. I don't know what we are to do with him. I really don't!"

The pony having thoroughly satisfied himself as to the nature and properties of the fire-plug, looked into the air after he had done with him, and as there happened to be one of them tinkling his ear at that moment he shook his head and whisked his tail, after which he appeared full of thought but quite comfortable and collected. The old gentleman having exhausted his powers of persuasion, slighted to lead him, whereupon the pony, perhaps because he held that to be a soft-hearted concession, perhaps because he happened to catch sight of the other brass plate, or perhaps because he was in an argumentative humor, started off with the old lady and stopped at the right house, leaving the old gentleman to come panting on behind.

It was then that Kit presented himself at the pony's head, and touched his hat with a smile.

"Why, bless me," cried the old gentleman, "the lad is here! *My* lad, do you see?"

"I said I'd be here, sir," said Kit, patting Whisker's neck. "I hope you're had a pleasant ride, sir. He's a very nice little pony."

"My dear," said the old gentleman. "This is an uncommon lad; a good lad, I'm sure."

"I am sure he is," repeated the old lady.— "A very good lad, and I am sure he is a good son."

Kit acknowledged these expressions of confidence by touching his hat again and blushing very much. The old gentleman then handed the old lady out, and after looking at him with an approving kindly look, as if he could see home-truth sheeted through his every word, Kit could not help feeling. Presently Mr. Witherden, smelling very hard at his nosegay, came to the door and looked at him, and after that Mr. Abel came and looked at him, and after that the old gentleman and lady came and looked at him again, and after that they all came and looked at him together, which Kit, feeling very much embarrassed by, made a prisoner of not observing. Therefore he patted the pony more and more — and like his sex the pony most handsomely permitted.

The favor had not disappeared from the window many moments, when Mr. Chuckster in his official coat, and with his hat hanging on his head just as it had happened to fall from its peg, appeared on the door-step. Kit, and indeed the whole assembled inside, bade him go in and he would mind the chaise the while. In giving him this direction, Mr. Chuckster remarked that he wished he had the pleasure of better acquaintance with him (Kit) was "precious raw," or "precious deep," but intimated by a distrustful shake of the head, that he inclined to the latter supposition.

Kit entered the office in a great tremor, for he was not used to going among strange ladies and gentlemen, and, to judge by the number of dusty papers had in his eyes an awful and venerable air. Mr. Witherden, too, was a bustling gentleman who talked loud and fast, and all eyes were upon him, and he was very shabby.

"Well, boy," said Mr. Witherden, "you came to work out that shilling;—not to get another, hey ?"

"No, indeed, sir," replied Kit, taking courage to look up. "I never thought of such a thing."

"Father alive ?" said the notary.

"Dead, sir."

"Mother ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Married again—eh ?"

Kit made answer, not without some indignation, that being made to ignore his home children, and that as to her marrying again, if the gentleman knew her he wouldn't think of such a thing. At this reply Mr. Witherden put a pinch of snuff into each nostril, again, and whispered behind the nosegay to the old gentleman that he believed the lad was an honest a lad as need be.

"Thank you, sir," said Kit, when he had made some further inquiries of him, "I am not going to give you anything —"

"Thank you, sir," Kit replied, and quite seriously, too, for this announcement seemed to free him from the suspicion which the notary had harbored.

"— But," resumed the old gentleman,—"perhaps I may want to know something more about you, so tell me where you live and I'll put it down in my pocket-book."

Kit told him, and the old gentleman wrote down the address with his pencil. He had been the address with his pencil. He had been the address with his pencil. He had been

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.


**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.**

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

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Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.


# Financial Record.

THE BANK OF KENTUCKY—The Louisville Journal states that the examination of the accusation against the subordinate officers in the Bank of Kentucky took place on Saturday, before the Police Court of that city. Messrs. Pirtle and Field appearing for the former clerk of the general ledger, and Messrs. D. W. Wilson and T. Q. Wilson for the late teller. The investigation was made with great care and patience, and resulted in the discharge of the clerk entirely; but the judge thought it better that a further investigation should be had in the Circuit Court, in regard to the late teller, and bail was given accordingly, in $5000, the prosecuting attorney going his surety. The deficit, if any, would not exceed twenty-three hundred dollars, according to the proof.

[illegible]

# City News.

[illegible]

THE WATCHMEN OF SOUTHWARK.—The citizens, magistrates, and others of Southwark, are complaining loudly of the conduct of the watch of that district. It is said that they most flagrantly neglect, as well as in many respects overstep, their duty. The proper authorities should see to this.

PICKPOCKETS.—Doctor Thomas Bunting, corner of Seventh and Cherry streets, had his pocket picked at the New National Theatre, on Monday evening, of a small amount. A gentleman from the west also had his coat pocket picked of a yellow wallet containing about $150 in Western and Southern notes.

BRUTAL ASSAULT.—On Sunday, a man named Wm. Millar, was brought before Alderman McLean, of Moyamensing, charged with having beaten his wife in a most violent manner with a large club. The poor woman was one mass of blood from head to foot. Millar was committed to Moyamensing.

ANOTHER.—A man named Thos. Best, was brought before Alderman Mitchell on Monday morning, charged with having attempted to stab his wife with a knife. He was committed to Moyamensing in default of $1000 bail.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—Yesterday morning the Coroner held an inquest on the body of a boy, name unknown, a sailor on board of the schooner Actress, Captain Winchester, who was knocked overboard by the flying jib-boom while the schooner was lying off Race street wharf. Verdict accordingly.

RIOT.—A man named Samuel Corn, was arrested on Thursday, and held to bail for a further hearing, by Alderman Conrad, of the Northern Liberties, upon a charge of having been concerned in creating a mob on the 3rd of July last at the Black Bear tavern in Front street below Callowhill.

[illegible]

# General News.

[illegible]

QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY.—The Baltimore Clipper, as racy a little sheet as we receive in exchange, contains the following choice reflections upon quality and quantity: "Brevity is the soul of wit," and so is it the soul of every thing except courting. Short courtships may be brilliant while they last, but the subject of matrimony is of such serious import, and by it our destiny is so irrevocably fixed, that time is requisite in order to determine. Then again, the romance of love, the day and night dreams of future happiness, having the eye fixed upon the star of Hope, and the heart protected by the shield of Affection, all conspire to make life happy! Fancy points a thousand beauties at each step, luxuriant in every feature, which hang in rich clusters upon the tendrils of affection until time and old age sever them from the branches. To continue in the unbroken reciprocity of virtuous courtship is, says the poet, "the soul—e'en the brightest ideal of existence."

But long sermons, long speeches, long yarns, long editorials, long unpaid bills, long sessions of congress, long journies, &c. are particularly tiresome. Big papers are also opposed to the principle contained in that pungent truism quoted above. They are good enough in themselves, but "too much pork for a shilling." We like the old Roman maxims, or brief though potent eloquence of the Indian.

PIANOFORTE PLAYING.—Many persons entertain the erroneous opinion that to arrive at excellence it is necessary to practice at least six or seven hours daily. According to Hummel, in his "Pianoforte School," a regular and attentive study of at most three hours per day is sufficient for this purpose. Any practice beyond this damps the spirit, produces a mechanical rather than an impassioned and expressive style of playing, and is generally disadvantageous to the performer [illegible]

TAKE CARE OF YOUR LAMPS.—Spirit lamps are dangerous things and should be handled with extreme caution. *Camphine*, which of late, has been introduced into our city pretty extensively in lieu of oil for the production of light, is quite as dangerous an article it would appear, as the old spirit-gas composed of spirits of turpentine; and should not therefore be tampered with by the very young, or by those ignorant of its dangerous character. In Baltimore on Thursday night a man who kept a hat store was standing at his door when he heard a loud explosion. On turning round he discovered that the shade glass of the *spirit lamp*, which was suspended from the ceiling, had burst, the top of the vessel containing the *camphine* had been instantly melted off, and the inflammable liquid was blazing furiously against the ceiling. The whole store must in a short time have taken fire, had he not, after other means failed, smothered the flames with a hatter's apron.

We give this instance as a warning. Let those who use spirit lamps take heed.

ATTEMPT AT MURDER.—On Friday, a young man named James Wilson, was arrested in Baltimore, charged with an assault, with intent to kill a fellow apprentice, Thomas Postley. The Sun says, "the position of the latter in the establishment, gave him a supervisory power over Wilson, in relation to his work, which appeared to him (Wilson) to be exercised with such severity, as to strongly excite in him the passion of revenge. On Thursday, he was heard to say, that if Postley "did so again," (referring to what he considered ill treatment,) "he would put him so he could do it no more, when the bell would ring," or words to that effect. Accordingly, as soon as the bell was rung, he came suddenly upon Postley and struck him with a club, and knocked him down; [illegible]

THE COAL TRADE.—The Schuylkill Coal trade for the week ending on Thursday last amounted to 15,776 tons; per last report 224,025; total this season 239,801.

On the Mount Carbon rail road 2,520 tons were transported during the week ending on Thursday last—total this season 45,873 tons.

On the Mill Creek rail road 24,917 tons were transported up to Wednesday last.

On the Schuylkill Valley rail road 31,994 tons have been transported this season.

On the Mine Hill and Schuylkill Haven rail road 100,064 tons were transported up to Thursday last.

The Delaware and Hudson coal trade for the season, amounts to 80,743.

The Little Schuylkill Coal trade up to the 27th ult. amounted to 9,768 tons.

THE NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE.—The New Custom House at New York is almost finished, and is considered quite an admirable piece of architecture. The Planet observes that it is 187 feet long and 89 wide, and in form is similar to the Parthenon at Athens. There are eight Grecian doric columns on each front, fifteen columns and antæ on each side attached to the walls and a row of six smaller columns back of and parallel with the main front, leaving a space of ten feet between the two rows. The columns are five feet and eight inches in diameter at the bottom, and thirty-two feet high. The great business hall occupies the centre of the building, and is 170 feet long and 77 feet wide in the central part. Altogether it is one of the most splendid buildings in the United States.

THE POWDER MILL EXPLOSION.—The shock of the explosion of the powder mill at Exeter, N. H. on Friday last, was felt at a distance of forty miles. At New [illegible]

*Distressing News from Florida.*

We find in the Savannah Georgian the following particulars of a continued scene of outrages, and massacres by the Indians. Our Government in justice to the people, should adopt at once a more efficient mode of extermination, that their sanguinary contest may be ended. The evil itself, is said not to be worth having, while thousands of lives, and millions of money have been sacrificed in this foolish and protracted war.

CENTREVILLAGE, Aug. 19, 1840.

I am sorry to inform you that the Indians have done a great deal of mischief on the Suwanee, and it is thought that they have again come into the Okafanoke; last Friday they killed Joseph Howell's wife and two children, and Daniel Green's wife, and shot his daughter through the shoulder; they have robbed and burnt out the inhabitants as they went, beginning at Green's—they have burnt all the dwellings up to Fort Gilmur. Joseph Howell and George Johns got in here to-day; they followed them up the Suwanee several miles, and found 11 dwellings burnt. They are all forted in at old Bill Cone's and Capt. Sanderlain's. The Indians fired on Sanderlain's house all night on Friday night, the next morning took the road up the river, and only went five or six miles to old Sumarall's place, and killed some hogs and cattle, and stayed all night. This is the most bold and daring act they have committed, since the commencement of the war; the people above this are generally very much alarmed, and some of them are already moving off, whether with sufficient cause I cannot say. [illegible]

| ALMANAC. | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Septem. 1840. | SUN RISES. | SUN SETS. | HIGH WATER. | MOON'S PHASES. |
| 5 SATURDAY, | 5 38 | 6 22 | 9 15 | |
| 6 SUNDAY, | 5 39 | 6 21 | 10 5 | D H M |
| 7 MONDAY, | 5 40 | 6 20 | 10 55 | |
| 8 TUESDAY, | 5 41 | 6 19 | 11 42 | |
| 9 WEDNESDAY, | 5 43 | 6 17 | 12 20 | First 3 5 [illegible] |
| 10 THURSDAY, | 5 44 | 6 16 | 12 53 | Full 11 2 46 |
| 11 FRIDAY | 5 45 | 6 15 | 1 37 | Last 18 12 [illegible] |
| 12 SATURDAY, | 5 47 | 6 13 | 2 23 | New 25 1 [illegible] |

**Philadelphia Post Office.**

*Arrivals and Departure of Mails.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Eastern arrives ab't 3 A M | Eastern closes at 4 P M |
| New York at 3 A M and 8 P M | New York at 3 A M and 4 and 8½ P M |
| Southern, 12 A M | Southern closes at 10 P M |
| Western 5½ A M & 5½ P M | Western at 5 A M 3½ P M |

**MARRIED.**

On the 31st ult. by John Lane Alderman Henry P. Evans, of Dorchester, Maryland, to [illegible], of the Northern Liberties.

In New York, on the 28th ult. by the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes, and afterwards by the Rev. Dr. Milnor, Henry Beckett, Esq. of Philadelphia, to Miss Eliza B. daughter of Robert Walsh, Esq. of the same place.

In this city, on Thursday evening, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. John H. [illegible], to Miss Susanna P. Hollingsworth, both of Wilmington, Delaware.

On the 24th inst. by the Rev. [illegible], to Miss Elizabeth [illegible], both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 28th of July, at [illegible] Grove, Cass County, Illinois, by the Rev. Benjamin [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

# Sales by Auction.

**BY J. L. DOOLITTLE, AUC.**

[illegible]

# THE OLIO.

**Variety's the spice of life,**
**That gives it all its flavor.**

***The Tall Gentleman's Apology to the Short Lady***
Uptown not so!—I never meant eternal love to thee,
For thou art only four feet high, and I am six feet three;
I wonder, dear, how you supposed that I could look on low.

There's many a one can tax a knot, who cannot fix a bow.

Wonder, you must wonder, my love, the bargain scarcely fair
For never could we make a match, alike! we make a pair.
Marriage, I know, makes one of two; but here's the knot tied loose.
My friends declare, if you are one, that I at least am four!

The true the moralists have said, that love has got its eyes,
But why should all my sighs be heaved for one who has no ears?
And on our wedding day I'm sure I'd leave you on the earth.
For you never saw a steeple, dear, in the inside of a church.

The usual for a wife to take her husband by the arm.
But pray excuse me should I bind a sort of fond alarm.
That when I'm from my self away, that happiness to find
Your highest effort, dear, would be to take me by the leg.

I do admit that I never a glass, because my sight's not good.
But where I always cunning am, it might be a timely rule
And though I use a concave lens,—by all the gods! I hope
My son will never look up to me through a Herschel's tele scope.

Then fare thee well, my gentle one! I ask no parting kiss,
I must not break my back to gain so exquisite a bliss.
Nor will I weep, lest I should hurt so delicate a flower—
The tears that fall from such a height would be a thunder shower

Farewell! and pray don't drown yourself in a basin or a pail!
For that would be a mere forgiver to all the Sir Fret Clad.
But if you ever love again, love on a smaller plan.
For why attend to six feet three a life that's but a span.

***Legislative Eloquence.***

**The following is given as an actual speech made before the Tennessee Legislature, by a Representative from Knox County:**

Fellow Citizens—I didn't come here to make a speech at this time, but only just to extinguish myself as a candidate. Gentlemen, I am the floating candidate for the superfluous district, and I only wanted to make a few remarks at this time. A good many of you, gentlemen, has never seen me before, and I merely want to state my views upon the question to be agitated. Gentlemen, I was born in the County of Sullivan, and fleeced up in Knox, without parentage, and if it hadn't a been for the grandeur of our mountains and our generous gentlemen, who tuck me when an orphan boy at 12 years of age, and gin me an education, I might have been as ignorant as the common people, or you, gentlemen. Gentlemen, my father was a patriarch of the Revolution, and I am a patriarch. Gentlemen, my father stained the walls of America with his blood, and when Gen. Jackson killed the Indians at New Orleans, I winded up to my knees in mud. Gentlemen, I am opposed to Nullification. Gentlemen, I would rather be a gallypot than, for to be Nullifier. Gentlemen, I insist got time to give you my views; and I will call upon you in a few days, but remember there is a set of Big Bugs, here who is a tryin to put me down, but gentlemen, I don't look. Gentlemen, I have always been for liberty, independence, and glory. Gentlemen, I am ago to be delivered out of the hands of the bull eaters. Gentlemen, come over across the square, and take something, and we'll get better acquainted.

AN IRISH WAGER.—"Nate hand you are there, my darlint," said one bricklayer to another. "You mount the ladder wid yer load full of stones, and scatther them on the head iv us as ye go, sir." "Be me sowl I'd carry yer own swate self up from de flure to de roof, and down wid not you bring pick." "You could'nt do it, sir—I'd by a tinale ye could." "Done! the naggin on't ye can't do." "We'll they shall! handle in ! Fearful as the experiment may seem, it was successful, and Jerry once more landing the adventurous Pat on the pavement, said triumphantly: "The pinch of his life, it's sayed ye is, Hows'ld I won it?" "Ye have, sir," admitted Pat, reluctantly, lugging out his ballpence: "as it happens, I'm bate. I'd rather lose naythin than my wager, an' just as we were comin by the second story I was in great hopes."

TAKE GRANTING.—The loss *ideal*, the height of sublimity, is the union of grandeur and repose; as we may learn from the statuary of the ancients. The same thing is true of the moral world as of the idea: though the name of the mere soldier may be widely known, it ranks lower than that of the peaceful hero. The great men of antiquity were more distinguished by character than by action—more in peace than in war. We think more of Camillus's plough than of his battles, and of Cato's fraternal love than of his resistance in the field. Examination is remembered for his humanity and affection. Brutus for his love to Portia, Alexander for his affection toward his friends, and Germanicus for his piety.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—In a village of Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her husband was willing, good man, to believe her out of pain: and so, according to the custom of that country, she was wrapped in a shroud, and carried out to be buried. But, as ill luck would have it, the bearers carried her so near a hedge that the thorns pierced the sheet, and waked the woman from her trance. Some years after, she died in reality; and, as the functions ceased, the husband would marry no more, and then call out—"Not too near the hedge, not too near the hedge neighbours."

TAKING SOMETHING.—"Come, Dick, will you take something," said a lad about seventeen years old, to one of his cronies as they were standing in front of a grog shop. "No," was the reply "mother's dead; and she always told me if I got drunk the day she died, she'd pull my ears."

HOOPING.—A person pointed out, a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers, to a painter. "Ah, master," said the artizan, "it's a sure sign of weakness, when so many hoops are used."

KIT NORTH, THE YARMOUTH—Old Christopher North says that it is no wonder that women love coats, for both are graceful and both domestic—not to mention that they both wreath.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—The Madison Gazette presents the following confectionated query:

—"If a man is too poor to pay for a newspaper, how many dogs can he afford to keep?"

HYDROPHOBIA.—A dog was seen to bite the other day in New Orleans, with a candle tied to his tail. It was considered a case of spermatic hydrophobia."

A SPECIAL FEE.—Thomas removed to the Bridge, that it was rather many at church last evening. "Yes," said the Major, "there was an extraordinate fusstic among the girls."

REPARTEE.—The fora for reporter in the Irish of all classes is proverbial. A gentleman, the other day, intending to be smart on some brickayers, said they were "Odd fellows." "Now please your honour," rejoined Pat, "We are Hod Fellows."

DEPARTED HUMAN!—Two blooming young ladies, one day last week, got caught in a sudden shower. On reaching home they found the rain had washed the color from their cheeks.

*Come and Afford.*

"John, has the doctor arrived?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Then go immediately for the undertaker."

DENTISTICAL.—"An Elegant Extract," as the dentist said when he pulled out half of a jaw with a tooth.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
***Stolen.***

In most civilized communities Riches seem to be the prime pal object sought after by the larger mass of the people, and the eagerness with which any pursuits and gain-paths are then is astonishing; for no other object is there and honesty no sooner sacrificed, country and home left, health and strength wasted, family and domestic comforts neglected, neat and dear ties broken, and privations endured as for this one,—for this will men toil, labor, and counterfeit; day and night, land and sea, time and space all are used as means for the accomplishment of what be so much desires to possess; and perhaps the principal reason, they so sought after with so much eagerness, is on account of the belief in the prevalent, but erroneous idea, that "to be rich, is to be happy."

That this notion is false or erroneous none who examine it, or spend even but little time in thought and observation, will fail to discover, for what can riches produce to make us happy? They may, 'tis true, supply all our genuine desires, stoicide us with all the necessaries and luxuries of life, dress, and surround us with gorgeous splendor, and procure almost every thing to please our eye or suit our taste; but can they ease a pain—insert a trial—remove a sorrow—prevent a trouble—or sooth the pangs of a guilty conscience? ah no! these are far beyond the reach of riches; but do they not often, rather lead to vice, shorten life, and overwhelm it with cares and anxieties?

Riches in themselves, cannot make man happy, though many have accustomed them to attribute it; still have lived and died the most wretched and unhappy lives. Happiness does not depend alone, nor chiefly on gain, but on the proper exercise of our disposition; and that person who cultivates a contented disposition will enjoy more real happiness, than all the riches of this world could ensure him, without it. W. R. S.

*Philadelphia.*

***A Country Scene in England.***

In thus beautifully and vividly sketched by a writer in Blackwood's Magazine:

At about ten yards distance from the Church, peeped modestly out from the midst of stately trees, and luxuriant evergreens, the Rectory. It was constructed of the same rough grey stone with the church. Long, low, with projecting wings, and casemented windows facing that large east window of the church, still flaming with the reflecting splendor of the setting sun. Ivy was making its way behind the grave, half embowering the small dwelling, which, therefore, stood in the perfect quietness of his own shadow, the dark green mosses of the jessamer clustering round the porch and window, scarcely rustling, but by their exquisite color, the pure white blossom that starred "the lowly gloom." But their fragrance floated on the gentle breath of evening, mingled with the perfume of magnolias, and the long fingered marvels of Peru (the only daughters of twilight) and other sweet flowers blooming in their beds of rich black mould, close under the latter windows. These were all flung wide, for the evening was still and balmy, and one opening down to the ground showed the interior of a very small parlor, plain but neat and modestly furnished, but graced round with well filled book cases. A lady's harp stood on one corner, and in another two fine globes and an epergy. Some small flower baskets, filled with roses, were dispersed on the tables, and at a table near the window sat a gentleman writing—or rather leaning over a writing desk with his head in his hand—for the pen was not moving, and scarcely a line had been written. A little child was playing on the grass at his feet, and turning toward the gravel walk before the window, where a lady—an elegant looking woman, whose plain white robe and dark uncovered hair well became the sweet matronly expression of her face and figure—was anxiously stretching out her encouraging arms to her little daughter, who, after tottering and tottering toward her on the soft green turf, her tiny feet, as they escaped their first independent steps in the eventful walk of life, trotting and tottering with graceful exactitude, and tenderly pressure, under the disproportionate weight of her fair fat person. It was a sweet, heart thrilling sound, the joyous, crowing laugh of that little creature, when with one last, bold mighty effort, she reached the maternal arms, and was caught up to the matron's bosom, and half devoured with kisses, in an ecstacy of unspeakable love. As if provoked to emulate boldness by such childish ecstacy, and desirous to show that her actions with that young innocent mate, a black bird, unbeknown to a tall neighboring lay tree, poured out forthwith such a flood of full throated melody, as stilled the baby's laugh and for a moment arrested its observant ear. But for a moment. The hushed minutes burst out into clearer laughter. The baby clapped her hands and laughed aloud, and, after her fashion, mocked the unseen songstress. The bird redoubled her throat melody, and after, for a little while, it poised still the lord repeated, and both together raised such a melodious din that the echoes of the old church tower, and the ivied ruins, and the haunt of the nightingale with her human rival, was heard in its utmost confines of musical skill. I could have laughed, I thought, from my unseen lurking place, when the dark shadow of the church buttresses. It was altogether such a scene as I shall never forget: one from which I might have wished—and in a moment the small hand I stood motionless as a statue in my dark trance, till the objects before me became indistinct in my sight, and the last indistinct impression that I drawn from the highest pause of the church window; till the blackbird's song was hushed, and the baby's voice was still, and the mother with her nursling had retreated into their quiet dwelling, and the evening taper gleamed through the white chintz curtain of the window.

But yet before that curtain fell, another act of the beautiful pantomime had passed in review before me. The mother, with her infant on her arms, had seated herself in a low chair within the little parlor. She untied the frock strings, drew off that and the second under garments, destitute, and of sufficient size, that the restless fairy of the still unwearied babe afforded opportunity—and there it was in its little coat and tray, the fat white shoulder elongated up in after mode ment, far above the slackened shoulder strap. Thus the mother's hand slipped off one soft red shoe, and being done so, her lips were pressed almost, as it seemed, involuntarily, to the little naked foot she still held. The other, as of its proud race it was entitled to do, was soon within the fellow shoe, and now the darling, destroyed for its innocent slumbers, was hooded and quieted, but not yet for the night. The room was still to be put till—and the little crib was not there—and yet to rest—but to the mighty duty sirenly required of young Christians. And in a moment the small hand was extended, and in a moment the small head was pressed together between the mother's hands, and the sweet sorrows eyes were raised and fixed upon the mother's eyes. Then followed as to the infant's lessons, and one saw that it was beginning out its unconscious prayer—unconscious, but not utterly unarrested. A few words the maternal lips was the theme of God's approval, and then she rose, and gathering up the scattered garments in the same easy way that had called babe, she held it nestling to its father, she saw in the expression of his face, as he upraised it after having impressed a kiss on that of his child—one saw in it all the holy fervor of a father's blessing.

Then the mother withdrew with her little one —and then the curtain fell, and still I lingered —for after the interval of a few minutes, some sounds arrested my departing footsteps—a few notes of the harp; a low prelude, stole sweetly out on the still evening air, and then with a soft and sweet accompaniment, various and gradually into a strain of sacred harmony, and the words of the evening hymn were wafted toward the house of prayer. Then all was still in the village, and the deepening shadows brought to my mind more forcibly the lateness of the hour, and I warned me to turn my face homeward. So I moved a few steps, and yet again I lingered, lingered still; for the moon was rising, and the stars were shining out in the clear cloudless heaven, and the bright reflection of one danced and glittered like a liquid fire-fly, on the ripple of the stream, just when it glided into a darker, deeper pool, beneath a little rustic foot bridge, which led from the church yard into a shady green lane, commencing with the neighboring hamlet. On that bridge I stopped a minute longer, and yet another and another minute, for I listened to the voice of the running water, and methought it was yet more indistinct and soothing, more eloquent, at that still shadowy hour, when only that little river looked down upon it, with a tremulous beam that when it flashed and glittered in the warm glow of sunshine. There are hearts like that stream, and they will understand the mysterious language of nature better if felt and heard in that mysterious music: every sense become absorbed in that of hearing; and so spell bound, I might have stood on that very spot till midnight, nay till the stars paled before the morning beam, if the deep, solemn sound of the old church clock had not broken in on my dream of profound abstraction, and startled me awake with half incredulous surprise, as its iron tongue proclaimed, stroke upon stroke, the tenth hour of the night.

***The Child of Earth.***
BY THE REV. MR. MORTON.

I.
Faster her slow step falls from day to day.
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow.
Yet still she joyfully rises to life, and says
"I am content to die but oh! not now!
Not while the blossoms of the spring appear
Make the warm air with luxury to breathe,
Not while the little merry-eyed flowers look up
To see their mother's face, and commune with her.
Spare me, great God let up my creeping heart
Be content to die—but, oh! not now!"

II.
The spring hath ripen'd into summer time.
The autumn winds hoarsely in past.
The glorious sun hath reach'd his burning prime
Oh! could that glory of mortal be last!
"Let me not perish while ever land and sea
With color shape the load of light more rare
Nor while the murmur of the mountain bee
Grows my dull ear with music in its hour
Pass me unbidden to the dreary land of gloom
I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

III.
Summer is gone, and autumn's sober suns
Tint the tree fruits and the waving grain.
The huntsman small the flying game pursues
Shouts the hallow, and winds the cheering horn.
"Spare me awhile to enjoy these days of glee
To the broad meadows and the quiet stream.
To watch the sober kine feed and hear the sheep bell
Faint their the falling tears with mild pleasure
Come for pretty sweet days—but, oh! not now!
I am content to die—but, oh! not now."

IV.
The black wood whistles, soon showers fast and near.
Drift whirled when to the whitening ground.
Autumn hath gone and winter is in his round.
Winter walks on with frozen mantle blasted
And still that prayer is uttered—"Oh! lengthen!
My little tendrils round the warm hearth round.
Out home fire blazes loud, and bright, and high.
And the rooftop with sweet smoke is curling.
Spare me awhile! take upon me creeping hour!
I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

V.
The spring is come again—the cuckoo sing!
The primrose and the violet are spread.
The wild bird dips in the sunken wave.
The shrill cricket hath re-assumed the dell.
"They never more the meadow shall watch.
Increase no more the lettuce pane.
The spring is come but I shall not see it.
Not fond summer more arouse again!
Destiny cannot shake me with the wings of love.
Why didst thou forget?—then art happier now."

***Musical Enthusiasm.***

Dr. Ford, the rector of Melton, was an enthusiast in music, every body knows, and possessed a great harmonist. His person for sacred music was probably known, from his constant attendance at the Ancient Concerts, for more than half a century. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstacies with Handel's music, especially the "Messiah." He was a short little man, and when excited to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance was not always in time, and you could ascertain his progress on the road. As the sentence, and always found himself in the middle of the numeral fortes of the overture. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstacies with Handel's music, especially the "Messiah." When he was in full voice, and excited to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance was not always in time, and you could ascertain his progress on the road. As the sentence, and always found himself in the middle of the numeral fortes of the overture. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstacies with Handel's music, especially the "Messiah." When he was in full voice, and excited to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance was not always in time, and you could ascertain his progress on the road. As the sentence, and always found himself in the middle of the numeral fortes of the overture.

Popular Errors in the Infant Mind are generally first implanted by the nurse. Children must learn their language from somebody. No better method can be devised for teaching them correct words and phrases than to set them to repeating after a correct model. Every child has a right to be taught in early childhood the most correct use of words.

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***Mastery and the Dog.***

A gentleman named Mauzie, officer of the body guard of Louis XIV., had a dog which he had often betted against another gentleman, to meet Abbey de Montdidier, his comrade in service. They were lacking out in the Forest of Bondy, when the dog, which had been left behind, was seen furiously murdering his brother officer, and bound him in a circle. Montdidier, upon enquiring of the keeper, found that the dog had been kept without food for three days, and that the animal had probably gone out to hunt. Julius Scaliger, who tells the story, does not mention the name of the dog, but does not mention that he was executed for the murder in the most cruel manner the moment that the deed accomplished without its interference. But, be this as it might, the dog was brought back to Paris, tried, convicted, and there sentenced till longer compelled it to live. It then went to the kitchen of one of Abbey de Montdidier's former friends, where it was received with caresses, and fed. Every day at noon it was placed in his chamber, who, for the time, seemed to be the most beautiful, and the most charming of women. Then the door was closed, and the dog disappeared. For several days this evening and going was repeated, when at last the dog, after the usual caresses, remained was confined, and it was troubled to follow the animal, and one of any thing could be learned in regard to the fate of the lady, or the appearance. The dog was accordingly followed, and was seen to come to a house on some nearly ten miles distant, and, after having received caresses and waitings and howlings. Scaliger says, that cries were unexpressible touching. Those who heard the dog's howlings thought of the lady, and the hearts of Abbey de Montdidier. It was raised and conveyed to Paris, where it was soon afterward informed in one of the city committees, and the dog was brought to the spot. The dog, to the friend, already mentioned, of de late time ten. While attending on him, it observed several times that he was in the habit of going to a certain opening upon him, and would have strangled him had it not been taken off by force. This was the lady's house. Upon this it was determined a suspicion that Mauzie had had some share in Montdidier's murder for he had showed him no favor, and had even taken a pleasure in being informed of the circumstances, wished to satisfy himself of their truth. It made Mauzie and the dog be brought before him, and beheld the animal again spring upon the object of its hatred. The hapless interrogated Mauzie already, but the latter would not confess that he had been in any way connected with Montdidier's murder.

Being strongly impressed by a conviction that the conduct of the dog was based on some guilty act of Mauzie, the king ordered a combat to take place between the officer and his dumb accuser, according to the practice, in the days, between human plaintiffs and defendants. This remarkable combat took place on the isle of Notre-Dame at Paris, in presence of the whole court. The dog was allowed Mauzie to have a strong club, as a defensive weapon; while, on the other hand, the only self-preservative means allowed to the dog consisted of a hole or recess, into which it could retreat if hard pressed. The latter circumstance ed in the lists. The dog seemed perfectly aware of its situation and duty. For a short time it kept closely around Mauzie, and, at one springing, it fastened itself upon his throat, in so firm a manner that he could not disentangle himself. He would have been strangled had he not cried for mercy, and avowed his crime. The dog was pulled off him, but he was only liberated from its fangs to perish by the hands of the law. The fidelity of this dog has been celebrated in many a drama and poem. It is usually called the Dog of Montargis, from the conduct having taken place at the Chateau of Montargis.

***The Clown.***

The Spanish lady sat alone within her evening dress. And, weak to say, her thoughts were such as would wet the floor;
For, shining on the marble mantle-piece and the clown again
The moonlight fell and the bought her to her and gather ing rain.

The ground was strewed with rotten flowers, the fragile and the rich alone were left,
Pitcandleas of our early hopes—so perishing they are.
The pensive maid a short time past, like—one Arabian ball,
And never knew Rachel on the air a darker fountain fall.

The heart but heaven upon her hand—"I know not which to choose,
Alas! whichever choice I make, the other I must lose;
The cup my eyes are like the stars, and of they are as bright.
Methinks they should be as those stars and shed over all light.

—Don Felix rules the ballroom stand, and hears the stainless dance,
And gallantly above her hides his white plumes wave and dance
But then Don Guzman's dark mien under the smile and down are falling hatred.
How art loved upon my letters come his lute's soft moan, here's sound

—Don Felix has an triumph home my rebels round the king!
Then come for my hearing's sake, he cries before the king
And hung, who knows not my face, yet know that it is fair

The merriment moon, now bright, now veiled, shone over the changing tide
The wind was hushed, and the flowers lost still new flowers their place supplied;
And where I was to see—and sing the lute's some was heard—
Alas! I know not which to choose—war is a hot intol erant word.

Yet, ere that moon was old, we saw the Donna Julia
Gay on her crimson pavilion by Don Alvado's side.
The bride was young and beautiful; the bridegroom stern and cold,
And—strange to tell—the Spanish lady wept when she looked on gold.

***Keep on Death.***
BY JAMES HOGG.

Men fear death as children fear to go into the dark; and, as there is natural fear of children in reason by idea, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin and the portion of the wicked, is the most awful and serious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations death is always contrasted with the reality and of misery and perdition. You shall read in some of the finest books of meditation on that, a man should think with himself what the pain is if he have but but his finger pricked or burnt, and from thereby imagine what the pains of death are: when the whole body is enwrapped and dissolved: when many sicknesses shall seize upon him at once: that the torture of a limb: for the most vital parts are the weakest: and by him that hath not felt of sickness or death, a small part of it will seem great. Another saith, "Imagine with thyself what the biting of a serpent is, and the poison of an aspic, and what a dragon's breath is, and the savageness and blackness, and the like, whose death terrible. It is worthy the observing, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it makes the mind of man to work upon it, and to make it seem more forcible than in truth it is. And therefore it is a work worthy a wise man to represent and make even to himself all the shapes and forms of death, that, when any of them comes, it may not affright him. Groans, convulsions, and a discoloured face, friends weeping, blacks, and obsequies, and the like, shew